The Ocean Wait

Novelized By Eustace Hale Ball

Author of "Traffic in Souls," "The Voice on the Wire," etc., from the photoplay produced by the International Film Service with Carlyle Blackwell and Doris Kenyon in the leading roles.

which a gentleman like you is used to. then?" sir. That place is like a country grave-

Exactly what I want!" and the tall young man leaned over the taff-rall to gaze devouringly at the purple rocks which sheered so precipitously into the blue waters of the crescent-shaped

"I am overfed to the condition of permanent indigestion, with hotels and cottages, and all the rest of conditions that go with them," he continued, light-blooming good place to live in:" "I am overfed to the condition of ing his calabash pipe. "Farwell, I'm tired of high-speed automobiles, high speed manners, high-speed gowns, highspeed girls and men! I want to slow down-to get my bearings-as Walt Whitman calls it: "To loaf and invite

There was a dreamy, hungry look in the dark eyes, as he studied the nodding tree-tops on the high ground beyond the village.

"I want to bury my nose in the grass to bask in the sunlight of an oldfashioned people, as clean and simple as the flowers in the garden. Don't you understand, Captain Farwell? My publishers insist on another novel, and I'm a modern edition of the giant Ajax; 1 am weak and worn out-1 must get my feet on Mother Earth to renew my strength.

The captain_indulged in a generous bite of plug tobacco. He scrutinized the broad shoulders, the sinewy fore-arms and the healthy, sun-burned features of the tall novelist before he repiled.

"You're a healshy looking weakling, sir. But it's your yacht, sir!" And he walked aft to give the necessary orders for the anchoring and landing. "A crazy bunch, these here authors, "But I reckon they must be to write them crazy books."
-The "Sea Gull" glided gracefully to
her anchorage in the harbor, under the

her anchorage in the harbor, under the skillful guidance of the captain.

Bonald Roberts ciub man, globe trotter, bon vivant, and, most important of all to the public interest, author of three "best gellers" within a year, now addressed bis bubbling energies to the task of preparation for his explorations. Hawkins, his valet, torn rudely from the intellectual delights of the task control of the lock columns of "The Pink-un".

rudely from the intellectual delights of the joke columns of "The Pink-un." was spluttering sotto voce maledictions in the most up-to-date Cockney. "There, don't forget my camera—and my hunting boots—and my corduloys—and the heavy bore rifie, I'll get some cartridges ashore. And three tins of that tobacco, Hawkins, I must have ammunition for that novel. Hurry up now for the tender lins been lowered.

low, for the tender lms been lowered

ciated by the natives, whose bosom swelled beneath the homespun shirts. swelled beneath the homespun shirts.

"There ben't no hotel, friend," volunteered the most patriarchal of the reception committee. "But, old Si Squiggins still runs the Holly Branch Tavern, upon the Mill Brook road. But, shucks, he sin't had no guests for about four years. Mebbe he ain't takin' none now."

"I'll take a chance." averred Roberts. "Where is his place?"

"Up this yere road," volunteered another. "It's a long walk: mebbe old Cap'n Ben'll take ye up in his back."

Roberts looked up the quay in the direction indicated by a horny hand, and heheld an antiquated carriage, near

rection indicated by a horny hand, and beheld an antiquated carriage, near which stood a white-haired, bewniskered individual, uniformed for his trade of local Jehu in the surprising garb of a

That's splendid. Send the boat in tomorrow morning at 10, Cantain Farwell. We're going on a shore cruise here! Come along, Hawkins," and the novelist

strode toward the roadway.

"Now point out the historical spots on the way," Roberts insisted. "And why aren't you trimming sails outside the harbor there, instead of doing this land-

Cap'n Ben drew his horse up before the wide porch of the Holly Branch Tavern. He shot a sarcastic giance at

Tavern. He shot a sarcastle glance at the Englishman. She didn't come back herself. It was her ghost."
Hawkins turned to look, over his shoulder at the distant house.
"Mercy hon us!" he muttered. "What a blooming good place to stay away

Chapter II.

The Home of the Ghost.

"Are we the Brat visitors for some time?" asked Roberts. "You must have been preparing this meal for years-it

tastes so good!"
"The last time I had any guests they was the guy-ment commission to see about building a lighthouse. But they didn't build it," answered his host. Roberts chuckled.

You should have had Congress here to eat-they'd have built not only the lighthouse, but a summer annex to the Capital here. You are not up in the ways of modern statecraft. * * But, have a cigar!" "Wall, sir, I s'pose it's your bedtime-

nearly 9 o'clock. I'll get out your candles. It's nearly 9 o'clock," said the old Yavernkeeper. "I'm gettin' purty long winded-the years a-creepin' on: here I've been a-keepin' you from your sleep." Roberts restrained his smile, as he

repiled: "Oh. I sometimes stay up later than this in New York. Don't I, Hawkins? The valet awakened with a start, an-

swering sleepily: "Yes, sir, Thank you, sir. I beg pardon, sir!" That's all right. Hawkins. You're pardoned-on condition that you take my candle upstairs and get my bed

ready. I'm going out for a walk-perhaps to that haunted nouse." know what ghost might do, sir."
"Of course, I don't. That's what I

want to find out. Light that candle and get to bed. You might get my gun and sungup. 'E must think as 'ow you're come along, if you wish." come along, if you wish." But Hawkins shook his head with

brought contracted brows and clenched hands, as he rose nervously to pace up and down the wide porch. How wretched it all seemed now—and yet what escape could there be. His fiancee, Heatrice Montford, beautiful, aristocratic, and popular as few New York girls can be, was waiting for his return to the glittering social life of the city.

His solitary departure on the "Sea Gull" had been the cause of their

His solitary departure on the "Sea Gull" had been the cause of their most recent quarrel—one among dozens of irritating disagreements which had shattered his nerves, interfered with his creative work and veritably driven him to distraction. And yet their engagement had been full of happiness—surfelted, indeed, with the pleasures of the gay set in which they both moved.

Beatrice Montford was a veritable type of the New York society girl—accomplished, well bred, alluring in her beauty and a thorough mistress.

beauty and a thorough mistress he art of attraction, with that

beauty.

It is friends all told him that he was a thrice lucky chap, to win the hand of such a girl! Surely they were

"Now point out the historical spots on the way," Roberts insisted. "And why aren't you trimming sails outside the harbor there, instead of doing this land-lubber's work, here?"

"Wall, it's a long story," observed the ancient mariner. "I was brung up when ships was ships, and not steam engynes! I was master of a clipper in the days when whalin' was a perfession. And here I am now, with nothin' to steer but old Betsy Jane, my hoss."

"And s.e ain't bloomin' long for this life, sir, if H'Im hebny judge!" was the tactless interruption of Hawkins.

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"And s.e ain't bloomin' long for this life certain and easy before him. His social position was the envy of many a parvenu and not a few void the "blue bloods," All this would Beatrice share, with charm and savoir faire, And yet—

"I wonder If we will be happy, after all, he asked himelf, for the thousand application." These quarrels, her ending social position was the entire the maintained his curious watch, walking back and forth on the parch of the old house, new sitting watch, walking back and forth on the parch of the old house, new sitting

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(Chapter I.

The Rediscovery of Eden.

APTAIN FARWELL. the place is ideal? Send her ahead and I'll go adventuring into the past. It looks like an old painting or a stage set, instead of a simple Yankee fishing village. The voice thrilled with boyish delight, as he lowered the bimoculars, turning with sparkling eyes toward the skipper of the steam yacht Sea Guil.

"Ay, ay, sir. But I calculate you'll single it is been significant of the steam yacht Sea Guil.

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"Ay, ay, sir. But I calculate you'll single it is been significant of the steam yacht sea guil. "Ay, ay, sir. But I calculate you'll single it is been significant of the steam yacht sea guil. "Ay, ay, sir. But I calculate you'll single it is been significant of the steam yacht sea guil. "But was fead, wasn't she significant she walk aparkling eyes toward the skipper of the steam yacht sea Guil. "Ay, ay, sir. But I calculate you'll she coffeer's response. "Port Sunray is the said that the Simmons gal come around at midnight every night."

"But she was fead, wasn't she?" involved a gentleman like yon is used to, sir. That place's like a country grave-lene?" Hawkins with true British obstices. "How could she come there is sire." How could she come there is sire. That place's like a country grave-lene?" Cap'n Ben drew his horse up before a projectically awakened him. Roberts' specific and the sum of the strain of the str

permeated the house. Hawkins had leaned over Roberts' shoulder to watch the skillful cleaning of the gun-a pro-

The master was right."

And he sat down in the kitchen, fearing to stray into the other rooms of this uncanny house.

Roberts passed an uneventful and thoroughly delightful day. Yet still the story would not come from his pen. Toward evening he prepared for a grand assault upon the stronghold of the Muse. A dozen pads of paper were spread out on the big library table, a full can of his favorile tobacco was placed in readiness for the smoke of battle, and Hawkins had been instructed to spread a cold lunch in the kitchen, for the healthy appetite of the early morning hours.

"You can retire early, Hawkins, I'm going to get that novel under way

ghost has been along here with mifk. to his feet. As he remembered it af-Ronald Roberts smiled, and then was the master was right." terwards, he did experience a tingling thrill at the roots of his hair. Here

lead tenant, and again leaning over the told swinging gates, to study the gradcel swing of the glittering stare as a mystery to him, not unthe time sped on, as though the read
the time sped on, as though the read
the time sped on, as though the read
the wilked down by the water's edge,
he returned impatiently and still ineryoulay to retrace his step, This time
he walked down by the water's edge,
two of the fishing beats returning with
the morning haul from the nets.
Finally, he reached the tayert, "sleep on
the start way to his bed room, to find
the candle long since burned out, Atmilked long since burned out, Atmilked long since burned out, Atmilked with feet which there bethe sandle long since burned out, Atmilked with feet which there bethe sandle long since burned out, Atmilked with feet which the pen door, its corner
the candle long since burned out, Atmilked with feet which others betieved so kind to him, Ronald Robwhich the dark-hinted token Hawking appeared weakly against a chair.
The novelet swong the force and the sandle with feet which the bemediated from the tunnering scowt.
Not an object was stirring, except one
of the saurying rate.
Not an object was stirring, except one
of the saurying rate, and
Not an object was stirring, except one
of the saurying rate, and
which the dark-hinted token Hawking apploaction to a sandle man bemilked from the tunnering scowt.

"They are the condition of the rateful, the saury into the
sale dark of the matter of the saurying rate, and
heard on the dark-hinted value of the
saurying rate, and
heard on the feet saury the feet of the
stitched from the tunnering scowt.

Not an object was stirring, except one
of the saurying rate, and
heard on the feet saury, however, lay a chirty of
the saury had fallent
the saurying rate, and the saury had fallent
the candle long and burned to the
survey had the saury
the saury had fallent
to be th

Roberts stooped and observed that they were of unmistakable feminine architecture; indeed, of the Queen Anne, rather than the Mary Ann school.

school.
"Come out, Miss Ghost, or I will shoot!" he commanded sternly.
The toes wrigged nervously, but his summons was not obeyed. A second order brough! results. The coverlet was lowered and he beheld a mass of tangle dcuris, two frightened, fawnlike eyes, and a dimpled face which was enlisted in, its paie beauty by the apparent terror of its owner. She rese unsteadily, and then raised her rance to the kind face above.
"Oh, please dun't shoot! I was—so—I "Oh, plesse don't shoot! I was-so-l had-to take H!" were the tremulous

"You are a bad, hold wicked burg-lar;" replied her captor, with a twitch-ing about the stern mouth. "Come down

ing about the stern mouth. "Come down stairs, while I put you on trial for you life." He caught her-not ungently-by the love of a pink little ear, and led her to the lower floor. Down the corridor he passed, with a peremptory order to the still wobbling Hawkins.

In the fibrary he stood her before him, and with the air of a supreme court judge studied the pathetic little figure: the girl, apparently eighteen, was dressed in a strange garment-an ancient

the giri, apparently eighteen, was dressed in a strange garment-an ancient pair of farm oversils, above which peeped a ragged shirtwaist. Her slender arms were as bare as her ankles. "Well, Miss Ghost-explain yourself. Remember, that everything you say shall be used by the law against you." Then he laughed merrily, dispelling the timidity of 'he giri. Hawkins, attired in a bathrobe and slippers, now advanced incredulously down the stairs. "Here's this hungry ghost, who goes awkins mopping the cold perspiration gers and glared indignantly at a silom an agonized brow.

"Hit must have been the ghost, sir!"
the had placed on the library table beit have been the gingerly to the table.

If awkins walked gingerly to the table.

"Here's this hungry ghost, who goes swimming:" cried Roberts. The girl drew back, affrighted once more, but the novells; gently commanded her to proceed with her story, while Hawkins.

work before my friends arrive to ruin it."

"Aye, aye, sir," and the man disappeared into the darkness.

Then did the novelist sit down to his task, cudgelling his wits with a vengeful self-hatred, determined to start a story, of the simple folk, in the simple land about him. At least fifteen efforts at an opening paragraph failed when a fresh evidence of the ghostly visitant completely wrecked whatever trains of thought were Jogging along the narrowgauge track of the disgusted Roberts' mind.

A piercing scream cut the 'silence'.

Then came a crash of tin and china!

"By George! There must be something to it, after all!" and Roberts sprang

"But, you poor child, what did you

Ronald Roberts smiled, and then was serious again.

"But, you poor child, what did you live on?"

"Well, I found some old cakes and bread, and nearly broke my teeth on them. Then, there's the cow—good warm milk helped a lot—and I took some of your fish and some of the fruit from the table—oh, I didn't mean to do wrong!"

The pathetic little face, with its haunting eyes, was upturned to the novelist. For the second time within the period of this strange evening Ronald Roberts was enlivened by a new sensation!

Now he was stirred to the depths of his soul, as he had never been cefore. This time he felt, not a fear of the uncanny, but a madening desire to draw this little flower to his breast to put his strong arms about her and to protect her, to cherish her as a stimulus of spirit in nowise like that of sympathy. As he looked down into the certisean depths of those trusting eyes he dropped his own glance—to note the picture of Beatrice Monitord on the library table, close beside him. What a difference between this wholesome child of the sea, with her dimples, her ingenuous grace, the naive-ity voluptuous appeal of the 'naked arms, the bare feet, the maidenly contour's enhanced by the ill-fitting garb, and the unkempt willful frastant wealth of curls—and the self-statisfied, self-confident, self-assertive features which looked at him from the silver frame!

For the first time in his life Ronald Roberts was afraid.

He was frightened by his own

Roberts was afraid.

He was frightened by his own thoughts.

He turned nervously toward the chair He turned nervously toward the chair and dropped into it, leaning on the table. Hawkins, bearing a steaming tray of savory viands, entered from

the kitchen.

The girl turned apprehensively, and her face brightened at the welcome

her face brightened at the welcome sight.
Roberts reached excitedly for his fountain pen, as the valet placed the dishes on the table.
"Won't you 'ave a wee bite yourself, sir?" was Hawkins' sollcitous inqury, "No. I'm busy Both of you eat and get out of the room—go to bed."
He was writing rapidly, with no trace of the previous uncertainty.
"I have my story now, Hawkins! Good night," was all he snid.
"Cautinged Next Sanday." (Continued Next Sunday)

DARKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNGER AND PRETTIES

Darkened Her Gray Hair So Evenly That Not a Trace Shows After Applying.

"I do not hesitate to speak of the crits of your good hair tonic-HAYS' HAIR HEALTH that darkened my faded gray hair so nicely and evenly without anyone knowing that I used anything. I consider it a privilege to let others know of HAYS HAIR HEALTH that is so beneficial to the

HEALTH that is so beneficial to the hair. To me, it means no more worry about my gray hair that I used to be ashamed of. I can recommend it to anyone so that they can profit by my experience."

Miss Retelew, 207 Amherst St. E. Orange, N. J. HAYS HAIR HEALTH, a remedy to use harmless Hair Color Restorer, can be applied evenly to the hair with a sponge. Only 50c a bottle at People's Drug Stores. They'll give money back if not satisfactory.—Advt.



Ronald Roberts sprang out of bed, and

pathetic insistence.

"Oh, no, sir; hif you don't mind. I'm very, tary hexhausted, sir, this hevening." But, do be careful, sir."

Koberts smiled as he lit his pipe, and donning his cap, started out to tour the twining streets of the village.

"Poor souls-even here the Grim Reaper piles his trade, as ruthlessly as in the trenches of Europe and in the

smanuption for that novel. Hurry of which part of the subject to the vilings.

smanuption of that novels. Hurry of the same stream of the vilings.

alongide, and I'm as while to get sahore as a kiddie starting on a Sun day School picnic!"

"My word, sir! I't think you were significant to be a seeding all this 'ere lugase, sir, will you—but for a boartide, sir!"

"Itawkins, we will as over nightwee may share the sameding all this 'ere lugase, sir, will you—but for a boartide, sir!"

"Itawkins, we will as over nightwee may start of the same o

vinced him that the spot was ideal. Here he could be undisturbed, and Hawkins, by no means an unskilled cook, could prepare his meals from supplies purchased in the villiage. And there was the Holly Branch Tavern and its was the Holly Branch Tavern and its ancient vintages not too far away!
Within an hour he was temporary owner of the house, for he had paid the shrewd old agent of the estate the price demanded without the traditional bickering over terms. Hawkins had struggled with more luggage sent in from the yacht, and the novelist was ensconced in the old home happy with his new toy, and determined that his pen should produce the sought-for story.

Hawking made a close inspection of

Unwkins mopping the cold perspiration gers and glared indignantly at a sil-

HE SEIZED HER-NONE TOO GENTLY!

exclaimed the valet.

Hawkins walked gingerly to the table and drew it back into place. Roberts eyes were half-closed in a rather pleasant expression of anticipation.

"Hawkins, you have been drinking again, and you moved that table yourself, to frighten me," he replied. Then he proceeded with the gun cleaning, with a more business-like attention to his table. The last "As for a ghost Hawkins, spoats." It is turned to some as the waiting sailor, and snapped a reply. "No answer, I don't want to be disturbed now, for I've got to do some as the work of the movellst gently commanded her to proceed with her story, while Hawkins was dispatched to prepare a hot supper. "Well," she hesitated at first, "I—ran—away from my foster father. He beats not, see my arms and the bruises!"

"He won't do it again," obserbed Roberts, and snapped a reply. "No answer, I don't want to be disturbed now, for I've got to do some "i don't know. Nobody knows, for I was for a ghost Hawkins, ghosts."

"It was for a ghost Hawkins, speats."

"It is not supper."

"He won't do it again, "obserbed Roberts, "But who are you."

"It won't know. Nobody knows, for I was was washed up here when I was a tiny little girl, during a olg storm at sea. task, "As for a ghost, Hawkins—ghosts do not bloom well in lead showers. Just

The Ghost Hunt.

After a luncheon, in which Hawkins professional pride was sufficiently stimulated to forget the ghostly visitation. in his effort to outvie the cookery of old Sie Squiggins, Roberts decided to take his afternoon dip in'the surf.

The property of the old house bordered an inviting edge of the beach. Huge boulders, tossed, it seemed, to the shore by some titanic craftsman of by-gone acons, formed a natural bulkhead the mossy crags. He swung his bathing suit idly in his hand. It was still damp from a short swim taken from the yacht, the day before.

"Confound Hawkins!" he explained suddenly. "He has had this suit bundled up, and he knows I hate to ge. into it when it is wet. He is thinking about that ghost too much. I'll hang it will to dry a bit, and go get that camera Roberts wandered around, from room in the surf aring of rais which seemed to abound in haunted house." It would be great for some views taken in the surf and looking toward my He spread the suit upon a convenient

> hrub, retracing his steps through the Here he found another provoking de Here he found another provoking de-lay—the humidity had rusted the deli-cate mechanism of his camera shutter. The application-of a little oil, and some unliterary but hearfelt profanity to the diaphragm persuaded it to work once more. Then he returned to the shore. The bathing suit had disappeared! "Hawkins!" he cried. "Hawkins! What did you do with that suit, you bitthering idiot!" The valet came running. "Hi never saw it, sir, hupon me word,

> The valet came running.
> "Hi never saw it, sir, hupon me word, sir."
>
> They searched about the grounds, vainly, thinking that perhaps a flitful breeze had carried it away. After a few irritating minutes Roberts returned to the same shrub, sternly berating his man.
> "Look, sir! There it is! Hon the bush, sir! Hisn't that bally odd?" shouted

Hawkins made a close inspection of the kitchen, bringing to light some hardened cakes, stale bread and mouldy food which had been left by the last tenant. The bustling little butler, within another two hours, had much of the surface dirt removed.

"Oh, hif we was only back on the bloomin' yacht!" he sighed, and then cast an apprehensive glance at the old clock, which he had olled and wound. "And before many hours—that ghost! Then," and the novelist wrung the water from the dripping suit." we are the entertainers of a very unusual ghost. For he likes to swim!"

"I heeke you Hawkins, as one of the characters in my new book. There is not telling what the spooks are apt to do—and I want to study your psychology, under the exigencies."

"The what, sir?" and Hawkins' jaw fell, at the unusual words. At Roberts smile he turned toward the kitchen. "I have a surprise for you, sir—an old fisherman brought up some of his wares, and I'm cooking them now, sir."

"Splendid," and Roberts snatched up his hunting rifie, to follow him. "I'll clean up this gun. You can do very well with a frock coat, but you are a very poor manicure for a Remington heavy caliber, Hawkins."

The fragrant aroma of the cooking the soliloquized "This that bally odd?" should disher we with a servant. The bustled the garment, and looked searchingly at his servant. "You didn't put it here?"

"My word, sir, no!" and Hawkins eyes assumed that frightened look which always brought a smile to his master's.

"Then," and the novelist ryou gives assumed that frightened look which always brought a smile to his master's.

"Hawkins.

Robert snatched the garment, and looked searchingly at his servant.

"Then," and Hawkins.

"Then," and Hawkins.

"The fragrant and hours—that ghost.

The fragrant and mound then surfle the surfle to surfle the frightened look which always brought a smile to his master's.

"The fragrant and mound then surfle the surfle that frightened look which always brought a smile to his master's.

"The fragrant and mound the surfle the surfle that

surf. Roberts' dark eyes sparkled appreciatively, as he walked down toward A Nervous Wreck at 46--- A Miracle of Strength And Vitality At 50--- Taking Iron Did It

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders-Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 200 per cent in two weeks time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking from—nuxated from had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46, careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concections and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons, might be saved, whe now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver, and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more or less than a weakened condition braught, on better of tree in the blood. Iron is absolutely nection, kidney, liver, and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more or less than a weakened condition braught, on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months, without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can easily be absorbed and assimiliated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D'.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well know.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron preducts, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stemach; on the contrary, it is the most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for



confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent or other in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Jas. O'Donnell Drug Store, People's Drug Store, and all